

How to Dose a Dog.
A dose of castor oil is as disagreeable to the ailing dog as to the ailing human being. He kicks against it, and does right, when he is grabbed by the back of the neck, and with his jaws yanked apart with a towel awaits the nasty dose. This is poured down his neck—on the outside. It is usually followed by a few more doses, all of which go the same way, which is the wrong way. The jaws are in a vise, the dog is in torture, and he is ready to condemn his very best friend for thus treating him shabbily. If they only were sensible enough to know how any dog, from the meanest cur to the bluest blooded canine on earth, was in the habit of taking his oil, it would be different, but they are all at sea on the subject, and poor doggie is about dead when a friend utters:
"Hump! All chumps on dogs, I see. Pour the stuff over the poor fellow's paws."
Lo, and behold! The wise few who thought they knew all about dogs and dog things learned something to their credit when they saw how carefully Towser licked his paws, cleaned them, and thus took his oil without fuss and the proper way.—Outing.

That Painter.
The artist who had found Marshby full of "paintable" places and friendly people was much attracted by one of the young women of the village, whom he met at a social gathering. He asked and was accorded permission to escort her home from a little party one evening, and, as the evening was mild and the moon was shining, they lingered at her gate for a few minutes' conversation. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a hoarse shout which came from an open window of the little house:
"Cast off that painter! Cast off that painter!"
The artist started as if he had been shot, but the young woman gave him a reassuring smile and a becoming blush.
"It's—it's just father dreaming," she said softly. "He's a retired sea captain and often talks in his sleep."

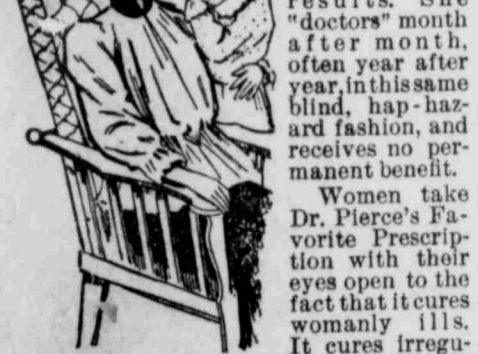
A Poor Man of Mutton.
A "poor man of mutton" is a term applied to a shoulder of mutton in Scotland after it has been served as a roast at dinner and appears as a broiled bone at supper or at the dinner next day. One of the former earls of B., long known as "Old Rag," was supposed at a hotel in London. One morning the landlord came to enumerate the good things in his larder and to prevail on his guest to something, his lordship replied, "I think I could eat a morsel of a poor man." This, together with an extremely unprepossessing appearance of his lordship's countenance, is said to have so terrified poor Boniface that he fled incontinently from the room and tumbled headlong downstairs.

Names of Guns on Men-of-war.
In the olden days," remarked a veteran sea captain the other day, "the custom obtained of giving names to the guns on men-of-war.
In the case of the United States frigate Chesapeake the principal guns bore distinctive names, as follows: Brother Jonathan, True Blue, Yankee Protection, Putnam, Raging Eagle, Ripper, General Warren, Mad Anthony, America, Washington, Liberty Forever, Dreadnaught, Defiance, Liberty or Death, United Tars, Jumping Billy, Battler, Bulldog, Spitfire, Nancy Dawson, Revenge, Bomber's Hill, Pocahontas, Towser, Willful Murder. These names were engraved on small squares of copper plate."—Washington Star.

Polo Is Ancient.
Polo was played from the backs of horses in Persia during the tenth and

"Shut your eyes, open your mouth and see what luck will bring you."

Many a woman is weak and sick, nervous and discouraged. She suffers from headache, backache and other ills. She wants to be well, but all she does is to shut her eyes and open her mouth for medicine and trust to luck for results. She "doctors" month after month, often year after year, in this manner, blind, hap-hazard fashion, and receives no permanent benefit.



Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription with their eyes open to the fact that it cures womanly ills. It cures irregularity, it dries debilitating drains, it heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. There is no trusting to luck by those who use "Favorite Prescription."

"In the year 1863 my health was poor," writes Mrs. J. H. Hack, of 22 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y. "I suffered from falling of womb, a disagreeable discharge, painful monthly periods, headache, backache and pains in the limbs. Every month was confined to bed for two or three days. Was weak, nervous and hysterical; life was a burden to myself and I made every one in the family unhappy because I was so irritable. My husband got me four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and before I had taken the first bottle I was feeling some relief. The medicine made me well and strong, free from nervousness, aches and pains, and I felt like a new woman. Before I used the 'Favorite Prescription' I had been taking another physician's medicine for nearly three months, but had received no benefit. Your medicine is certainly the best in the world."

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Don't let a selfish seller over-persuade you to accept a substitute for these Original Little Liver Pills, first put up by Dr. R. V. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much imitated but never equalled.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' UTTERANCES ON SOME OF THE PROBLEMS OF THE DAY.

Cardinal Gibbons, in an interview in New York, discussed some of the problems of the day.

"It is not the love of money," he declared, "but the money itself that is the root of all evil."

Some of his most striking utterances were:

"The great trouble maker to this country is money. The great offset to that evil is the American inclination to spend it rapidly."

"There is no doubt whatever that there are large accumulations of money in this country that are very much tainted. However, I have never had an opportunity yet of personally deciding whether money was tainted or not."

"Corporation corruption is a fixed evil that we must reckon with just as long as the present condition of society exists in this country. Whenever there is an amalgamation of great capital or a large collection of men interested in one money-making concern there is sure to be corruption."

"It may not be good theology, it may not be good ethics, but it is certainly very good common sense and a very good moral element that the fear,

eleventh centuries. At that time the Persians in a great contest, Iran versus Turan, found their match in the Turks, greatly to the disgust of King Afrasiab. The Byzantine poet Nizami sung of polo in the twelfth century. Then polo spread from Persia into central Asia, India and Tibet in the sixteenth century, when the great Emperor Akbar patronized it. In Japan the game is at least 1,000 years old and is still popular under the name of da-kin, or "ball match."

They Bought Burning Houses.

One of the strangest businesses in ancient Rome is mentioned by Juvenal in his "Satires," and we hear of it also from historians. It consisted of buying houses on fire. The speculator hurried to the scene, attended by slaves carrying bags of money and others carrying tools, judged the chances of salvage and made a bid to the distracted house owners, who were glad to accept anything as a rule. The bargain struck in all haste, the earliest of fire insurers set his slaves to work and secured what he could. Sometimes even he put out the flames and so made a coup. It was a business for capitalists, but the poorest who speculated in a small way could hardly lose if he had presence of mind enough to grasp the chances.

Thus Cato the elder, and, above all, Crassus laid the foundations of their wealth. The latter had a passion for such gambling. He gradually collected a force of carpenters, masons and such artificers—slaves, of course—which reached 500 men. Not only did he buy houses on fire, but also, enlarging upon the common practice, he made a bid for those adjoining which stood in danger. His proposals were commonly welcome, so helpless were the people and so great the peril. By this means Crassus became the greatest owner of house property in Rome.

The Word "Tram."

Residents of Great Britain call street cars trams. The term is old. Three hundred and fifty years ago an Englishman left the following item in his will: "To the amending of the highway or tram from the west end of Bridgegate, in Barnard castle, 20 shillings." This "tram" was a plank road. Whether it was the ancestor of the tram of today or merely an etymological relation is not quite clear. The forefather of all the trams was a Scandinavian word meaning a log. In time tram in Scotland came to mean a beam, a cart shaft or the cart itself, and perhaps it is to this rather than to the tram that was a plank in a log road that the modern sense traces its origin. At any rate, etymologists affirm that the derivation from the name of Benjamin Outram, who improved rail tracks about 1800, is absurd.

Queer Ways of the Toad.

Paternal affection is not perhaps the precise emotion that we should be disposed to look for in the cold blooded frog, but the Surinam toad appears to exhibit this praiseworthy attitude of mind toward his numerous progeny. When his mate lays her eggs the solicitous father places them carefully upon her back, where in due time their presence causes an irritation that produces numerous small holes, into which the eggs forthwith drop. In these cells, which from natural pressure get to be hexagonal, like honeycomb, the young frogs are finally hatched and for a bit scramble about their mother's back, hiding in their nurseries when danger threatens.

The Sea Anemone.

The sea anemone resembles in shape a morning glory. Its mouth opens like the cup of that flower, and above it are seen a number of tentacles waving in the water. Its food consists of anything it can get, but generally it gets the minute insects that float in the sea. At any alarm it closes its cup and is then hardly distinguishable from the rock on which it is rooted. It has a set of sucker muscles that attach it so firmly to the rock that it will sometimes be torn in pieces rather than let go.

One Bird Barred.

"Can we keep birds?" inquired Mr.

the dread of exposure in the public press keeps many a man sticking close to the path of rectitude who otherwise would stray off into the byways of personal graft.

"Great wealth brings its privations and its sufferings. The retribution that trails in the wake of money madness is the poverty of riches. I can think of nothing more lonesome than a man with an immense fortune."

"The late James G. Blaine, when he was secretary of state, said to me once that a man in business would do an act which he would consider absolutely contemptible and wrong if he did it in his own personally."

"A collection of men," said Mr. Blaine, "will permit a wrong which no one of these men individually would ever think of doing." That is undoubtedly true of the condition which has been exposed in this recent insurance scandal.

"As I said before, large collections of money or of associations of large numbers of men with money are sure to breed corruption. Business morality is bound to drop to a low ebb, but the more flagrant the corruption is the surer its discovery."

Younghusband, who was looking at the fat.

"Well, you can keep canaries and such birds as them," replied the genial landlord, "but there's one bird barred from these apartments."

"What bird is that?"

"Stork!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

KILLING THE SEALS.

Always Done In the Morning, When the Temperature Is Lowest.

John Scudder McLain in his "Alaska" thus describes the business of securing seal skins: "The killing is always early in the morning when the temperature is lowest. It was 5 o'clock in the morning when we left the ship. The killing season was practically over, but the agents had arranged a drive for our benefit. The seal lie along the rocky shores, the bulls or 'beachmasters,' as they are called, and the cows and their pups occupying the rocks nearest the water, while the bachelors, the young unmated males, are forced to go farther up the beach. As only the bachelors are killed for their skins, this natural division facilitates the work of the drivers in making their selections. Two or three drivers slip in and cut out, as the cowboys would say, a bunch for the day's killing. They proceed to make a great noise by shouting, slapping pieces of boards together and beating on tin cans. The seals are frightened, and the squirming, huddling mass is gradually forced away from the rocky shore."

"Now, here they come, bleating like a flock of sheep, ambling in their awkward fashion through the tall grass. The younger males and the few females which the drivers will not try to separate from the herd until the killing ground is reached offer no resistance, but the two or three old bulls show fight and rush at the drivers with surprising speed and agility when pressed too hard. As they are driven to the killing grounds their gait is a sort of canter, as they raise themselves on their flippers and pull their heavy bodies up. They repeat this movement rapidly for a hundred yards and then fall, panting and exhausted. The method of killing adopted inflicts less suffering on the victims than any other that could be devised, but one who has witnessed the operation will not wish to see it again."

"Those who do the killing are natives who are expert at the business, each armed with a stout club about five feet long and three inches thick at the heavy end. They cut out twenty or thirty of the struggling creatures and, striking each one on the head, crush the soft, thin skull. Death is instantaneous. As the club falls with a thud upon each graceful head those that have escaped the first crushing blows seem to become conscious of their impending fate and their appealing eyes, soft as those of a deer, their plaintive cries and their ineffectual efforts to escape would certainly stay the arm of any not schooled by years and generations to do this work. The stranger to the scene is forced to turn away, though he must admit that not a throb of conscious pain follows the descent of the heavy club."

A Bear and a Log Jam.

A big log jam that on one occasion blocked an Illinois river was broken in a peculiar manner. A brown bear was noticed by one of the rivermen prowling around the skids and later was observed crawling over the piled up timber. Gradually bruin worked his way down to the key log and attacked it frantically. Instantly the mass of logs broke. The bear was crushed to pieces. Later it was learned that the key log was filled with honey.

The Bright Side.

"I should think you'd feel awfully sad over your quarrel with Mrs. Scaddsworth after all these years."

"Yes, I do. Still there's one pleasant thing about it. Her children are growing up and will soon begin to get married. Of course, after what has happened, I'll not have to give them any wedding presents."—Chicago Tribune.

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Surprise Wedding.

Truman B. Adams and Miss Iva Wilson, of this city, were married in Louisville last Thursday. The wedding was a surprise to their friends. They were accompanied to Louisville by Walter Barboe and Miss Carrie Gregory.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Wilson. The groom has a position as boiler maker at the Henderson Route shops.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams will make their home here.

Send in your Subscription now.

Doing Foreign Advertising.

The Cloverport Real Estate & Improvement company is doing foreign as well as local advertising in announcing to the public the sale of this lots in Breckenridge Addition to the city of Cloverport, on Thursday, August 10, at 10 o'clock. The company had a half-page ad. in the Meade County Messenger last week for the purpose of attracting investors from that county.

Has Robert Pierce's Position.

Fred Friel has the position at the Henderson Route depot formerly held by Robert Pierce, who went to Louisville to take a position as operator with the Western Telegraph company.

Sick headache results from a disordered condition of the stomach and is quickly cured by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by Short & Haynes.

False Tobacco Report Came Near Ruin For Growers, Says Trimble.

Washington, July 27.—Congressman South Trimble, of the Seventh Kentucky District, says that the Agricultural Department's first tobacco report, the one that was wrong, came pretty near ruining the growers in Western Kentucky and in Tennessee.

"All of them were satisfied that the report would show a greatly decreased acreage," he said, "and that the price of tobacco would go up. Instead of that the report indicated an increase of 20 per cent., and as a result most of the growers sold at any price they could get. The tobacco associations of Kentucky were satisfied that something was wrong and asked for an investigation. The Sec-

retary of Agriculture issued a new report, and it developed that instead of an increased acreage of 20 per cent there was just about that much of a decrease. As most of our growers had sold out on the first report, their feelings in y more easily be imagined than described."

"I am glad to say," Congressman Trimble added, "that Secretary Wilson will revise the method of compiling tobacco figures. Hereafter a man familiar with the exact tobacco situation in Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee will have supervision of the work and he will name the department's correspondents in the several tobacco States."

Opens This Morning.

This morning at 11 o'clock the gates of the big Seven Hills Chautauqua at Owensboro will swing open and, with the meeting of the Chautauqua faculty at 11 o'clock, the fourth annual assembly will be opened.

There is no longer a doubt that the crowds will be larger than ever before, and it has been known for weeks that the program was one of the best ever arranged for any Chautauqua. From Sam Jones on "Sawcietty," in the afternoon of the first day, to the Rev. Father L. J. Vaughn on "The Power of Love," the closing feature, stretches one long list of superb talent.

Subscribe for the News.

Equity House Closes August 5.

The Equity tobacco warehouse in this city will close for the season about Aug. 5. The finance committee met here yesterday and so decided. 290,000 pounds of tobacco have already been pooled. The house was found in good shape.—Hancock Clarion.

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